Konstantin Berlandt (left), editor of the Daily Californian, and student body president Charles Palmer at the rally yesterday.

Two Student Leaders Begin a Fast at UC

By Paul [illegible]

Two student leaders at the University of California's Berkeley campus began a hunger strike yesterday as a peaceful way of focusing attention on the academic issues involved in the latest campus sit-ins.

The two student body presidents began their fast at noon yesterday "to turn the attention of those both in and outside the University away from a discussion of tactics and back to basic issues."

They said the basic issues are academic freedom, freedom of expression and the right of students and faculty to determine courses.

CHANNELS

In a loudly applauded statement read at a Sproul Hall rally, they said, "We feel we have exhausted — through petition and peaceful protest — the regular channels of appeal.

"We also reject at this time violent action as a reasonable and democratic tool of change."

The two, who said they looked to Martin Luther King, Cesar Chavez and Mahatma Gandi for inspiration, said they intended to abstain from all food with the exception of a few ounces of fruit juice each day.

"We will not eat until those in power in this state — in the political and educational system — return to a discussion of the issues," they said.

PERSONAL

Later, Palmer told a press conference that the fast was "a very personal kind of decision" that was "not in conjunction with any campus strike or in opposition to it."

He also said he would start eating when "definite channels of comm7nication and partici,ation in the governing of the University" are opened to students.

Berlandt said they planned to continue fasting "until the people of the state and the people they have placed in power recognize our humanity."

Asked if they might not starve before that happened, Palmer said, "We both have confidence that the people of the State of California are human beings, that they will regard a personal act as a personal act and not a political act."

Both agreed that a major factor influencing their decision to quit eating was the increasing number of violent incidents that have occurred in the controversy over the course on racism in which Black Panther Eldridge Cleaver is a lecturer.

They said they planned to spend about four hours a day on the steps of Sproul Hall so they could talk to students or administrators who stopped by.

They will be under the care of a physician but had not decided whether they would break the fast if told that to continue would endanger their health.

Tribune photo

COSTUMES—Dressed up for "Wild West Days" at Castro School in El Cerrito are James Corbett, who won the prize for the best cowboy, and Konstantin Berlandt.

David Gard Sokitch

days a week, he commented, "I expected it."

He received his training on the job, beginning with a tiny San Francisco diner where he flipped eggs. He went on to bigger diners, to a cafeteria, to May's Oyster House, to grander seafood restaurants and finally to Tadich Grill.

OYSTERS ROCKEFELLER

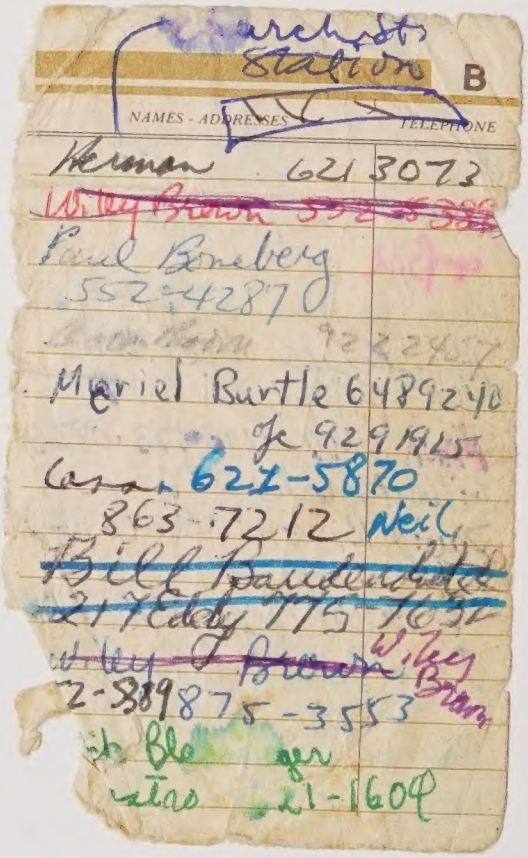
- ¼ cup finely chopped green onion tops
- Small clove garlic, chopped
- 2 teaspoons butter
- 2 bunches fresh spinach, washed and stems removed
- ½ cup heavy cream
- Salt and pepper
- 36 fresh oysters on half shell
- Monterey Jack cheese

Saute onion and garlic in butter. Cook spinach only until it wilts. Drain. When cool put onion, garlic and spinach through the finest blade of food chopper or chop finely in a food processor. Put the mixture in a pan, add the cream, salt and pepper to taste and bring to a boil.

Put oysters in baking pan filled to the top with rock salt and bake in a hot oven (450° to 500°) for five minutes. Put a generous teaspoon of the spinach on top of each oyster and cap each with a small piece of Monterey Jack cheese. Return to the oven and bake until cheese melts. Serve hot. Serves 6.

PRAWNS SAUTE PROVENCAL

- 36 prawns (best size under 15 to a pound)
- ½ pound butter
- ½ cup white wine
- 1 tablespoon finely minced garlic



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NEXT DEADLINE: JAN. 7

NEXT ISSUE OUT: JAN. 13

LETTERS

CASTRO BEATING

★ An open letter to the Gay Community of Castro Village.

What have we become... We see and do nothing to help... we let two young men wielding empty beer bottles beat three of our brothers. I am talking about what happened once again on Castro... a beating. This time it was Robert Dern and his two friends. Next time it could be you or I.

How dare we stand and let this kind of thing happen. Why were we not there to help? Don't tell me some of you didn't see. Castro Street never sleeps. Were we much too busy looking for our night's trick to care!

We are to blame, we let it happen. We saw but did nothing.

This year I am running for Emperor of this fine city of ours, and if I am elected into office, I will do my best to put two things back into our way of life; one is caring, the other is helping.

Let's not let this happen again. Remember next time it could be you.

Tattoo Jim

REGISTRATION

★ Re: "Gay Marriage License". Under no circumstances should Harry Britt's proposal be buried in committee or dropped. In the event of a satisfactory compromise not being reached with the Mayor, it should again be voted upon in order that Supervisors Renne and Kennedy may go on record as either supporting the measure once again or as supporting the Mayor in her veto. This entire incident has been very enlightening and promises to be even more so. I ...lly like the advertisement for Roman Control ...an in the *Voice* and trust the *B.A.R.* ...nilar advertising. Yes, I would re-place for sexual activity. Yes, we like to look and ad-selves and others.

Rather than us "stuffed shirts" going back in the closet, as he suggests, Tippy — and others of his ilk — should take their sexual exhibitionism to the many glory hole clubs, baths and various back rooms that cater to such activity. That way, the Y will not be ruined for the rest of us, and they will find a more appreciative audience for their talents.

Richard Dickson
San Francisco

BEING RIGHT ON COORS

★ In regards to your comment in the Dec. 23 *B.A.R.*, that the publishers of *The Voice*, *The Castro Times* and *The Sentinel* have "let themselves be had" by accepting Coors' generous invitation to come to the brewery and investigate the issues at Coors' expense — may I suggest if you feel that way, you go there at your own expense, and do an investigation.

Or are you afraid that if you did, you would find out the same thing *The Advocate* did in 1977, and that *The Castro Times* did in 1981 — that Coors is not the enemy we have made them out to be, that the rumors about Coors being anti-Gay and discriminating against minorities are false, that this whole boycott is irrational and unfair — and that you, like the rest of us, must admit that we **have** been **wrong** about Coors?

Daniel Owen
San Francisco

ED. NOTE: There is nothing generous in an invitation ... could d... We have been at Golden, Colorad... five yea... saw t... abo... w...

Connie [illegible] 821-4850

B

NAMES - ADDRESSES	TELEPHONE
Joe B 922	5739
2105 Pine/Buchanan	
or Bill	
Ken Bowles 58	3-553[illegible]
Allen Berube 626-3893	
433 Fillmore 621	3073
NANA 3048	702-523-0833
Gilbert Block 546-4331	
David Brown h (929096)	
2144 GG 94118	
Kitchell (work)	428-114[illegible]
[illegible] Bet Tes	546 [illegible]
	546
[illegible] Bermudez	

INTERNATIONAL SANITARY REGULATIONS
RÈGLEMENT SANITAIRE INTERNATIONAL

KA. 724

WORLD HEALTH ORGANIZATION
ORGANIZATION MONDIALE DE LA SANTÉ

INTERNATIONAL CERTIFICATES OF VACCINATION

CERTIFICATS INTERNATIONAUX DE VACCINATION

ΒΑΣΙΛΕΙΟΝ ΤΗΣ ΕΛΛΑΔΟΣ

ΥΠΟΥΡΓΕΙΟΝ ΚΟΙΝ. ΥΠΗΡΕΣΙΩΝ
ΓΕΝΙΚΗ ΔΙΕΥΘΥΝΣΙΣ ΥΓΙΕΙΝΗΣ

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GENERAL DIRECTORATE OF HYGIENE

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or
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ou
de la pièce justificative } .....

INTERNATIONAL CERTIFICATE OF VACCINATION OR REVACCINATION AGAINST SMALLPOX

CERTIFICAT INTERNATIONAL DE VACCINATION OU DE REVACCINATION CONTRE LA VARIOLE

This is to certify that } Koustoulin date of birth } ..... sex } M
Je soussigné(e) certifie que } Azady né(e) le } ..... sexe }

whose signature follows } Konstantin Boslandt
dont la signature suit }

has on the date indicated been vaccinated or revaccinated against smallpox with a freezedried or liquid vaccine certified to fulfil the recommended requirements of the World Health Organization

a été vacciné(e) ou revacciné(e) contre la variole, à la date indiquée ci dessous, avec un vaccin lyophilisé ou liquide certifié conforme aux normes recommandées par l'Organisation mondiale de la Santé,

Date	Show by «X» whether Indiquer par «X» s'il s'agit de :	Signature and professional status of vaccinator Signature et titre du vaccinateur	Origin and batch no of vaccine Origine du vaccin et numéro du lot	Approved stamp Cachet d' authentification	
				1a	1b
1a	Primary vaccination performed / Primovaccination effectuée				
1b	Read as successful / Prise				
	Unsuccessful / Pas de prise				

2 15 MAY 1970	Revaccination X	DIRECTOR OF HEALTH SERVICE OF CORFU Θεοδ. Βραχιώτης Διευθυντὴς Ὑγιεινολόγος		2	3
3 FEB 1973	Revaccination X REVACCINATION	ORLANDO L. CLARK, M.D. INTERNATIONAL MEDICAL CENTER 311 CALIFORNIA STREET, SUITE 404 SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94104		3023d	OFFICIAL VACCINATIO CALIFORNIA
4	Revaccination			4	6-33152 U.S.A.
5	Revaccination				

The validity of the certificate shall extend for a period of three years, beginning eight days after the date of a successful primary vaccination or, in the event of a revaccination on the date of this revaccination

the approved stamp mentioned above must be in a form prescribed by the health administration of the territory in which vaccination is performed.

Any amendment of this certificate, or erasure, or failure to complete any part of it, may render it invalid.

La validité de ce certificat couvre une période de trois ans commençant huit jours après la date de la primovaccination effectuée avec succès (prise) ou, dans le cas d' une revaccination, le jour de cette revaccination.

Le cachet d' authentification doit être conforme au modèle prescrit par l'administration sanitaire du territoire où la vaccination est effectuée.

Toute correction ou rature sur le certificat l'omission d'une quelconque des mentions qu' il comporte peut affecter sa valididé.

New Year's in the Castro

by Konstantin Berlandt

New Year's parties, the cold weather, and maybe a sprinkling of KS paranoia kept the crowd at 18th and Castro at midnight much smaller this year than in several previous, but the Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence were there, nevertheless, in red, white, and blue, stars and flaming pink satin sash — Sisters Mary Media, Florence Nightmare, Chanel 2001, and several others snaking their way into the intersection, stopping traffic for the crowd to take the streets.

Champagne flowed, whistles blew, kisses too; buses honked and were let through.

But soon the crowd had thinned again as some had split back to the warmth of the bars, more parties and whatever else people do to ring in the New Year.

New Year's Revelers on Castro. Drag in all its manifestations — traditional, fantasy, and genderfucking — gather for champagne. (Photo: Rink)

At the Jaguar Bookstore party in the backroom, photographer Fisher Ross was laughing at the refreshment counter as the boys in the backroom were pumping away, despite a 3-cop raid last week.

At parties sampled by this reporter, many made a mellow evening of this New Year.

Parade Co-Chair Linda Boyd and her lover, former Parade Co-Chair Barbara Cameron, said they spent a quiet evening at home watching the Christmas tree lights twinkle.

But Mayor's Criminal Justice Council member David Custead may have been the mellowest of all, having fallen asleep shortly after 10 not waking up in '83.

INTERNATIONAL CERTIFICATE OF VACCINATION OR REVACCINATION AGAINST CHOLERA

CERTIFICAT INTERNATIONAL DE VACCINATION OU DE REVACCINATION CONTRE LA CHOLÉRA

This is to certify that / Je soussigné(e) certifie que ..... date of birth / né(e) le ..... sex / sexe .....

whose signature follows / dont la signature suit .....

has on the date indicated been vaccinated or revaccinated against cholera.
a été vacciné(e) ou revacciné(e) contre la choléra à la date indiquée.

Date	Signature and professional status of vaccinator / Signature et qualité professionelle du vaccinateur	Approved stamp / Cachet d'authentification	
1	ORLANDO L. CLARK, M.D. INTERNATIONAL MEDICAL CENTER 311 CALIFORNIA STREET, SUITE 404 SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA	Cholera # I 0.5cc	2 OFFICIAL VACCINATION CALIFORNIA C-33152 U.S.A.
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4			
5		5	6
6			
7		7	8
8			

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...ued) Certificat (suite)

		9	10
10			
11		11	12
12			
13		13	14
14			

15		15	16
16			

The validity ot this certificate shall extend for a period of six months, beginning six days after the first injection of the vaccine or, in the event of a revaccination within such period of six months on the date of that revaccination.

Notwithstanding the above provisions, in the case of a pilgrim, this certificate shall indicate that two injections have been given at an interval of seven days and its validity shall commence from the date of the second injection.

The approved stamp mentioned above must be in a form prescribed by the health administration of the territory in which the vaccination is performed.

Any amendment of this certificate or erasure, or failure to complete any part of it, may render it invalid.

La valididé de ce certificat couvre une période de six mois commençant six jours après la première injection du vaccin ou, dans le cas d'une revaccination au cours de cette période de six mois le jour de cette revaccination.

Nonobstant les dispositions ci-dessus, dans le cas d'un pèlerin, le présent certificat doit faire mention de deux injections pratiquées à sept jours d'intervalle, et sa validité commence le jour de la seconde injection.

Le cachet d'authentification doit être conforme au modèle prescrit par l'administration sanitaire du territoire où la vaccination est effectuée.

Toute correction ou rature sur le certificat ou l'omission d'une quelconque des mentions qu'il comporte peut affecter sa validité.

الاسم	كونستيه نيرلاندت
Name	KONSTANTIN A. BERLANDT
الوظيفة	ساعد اداري
Classification	ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT
تاريخ صلاحية البطاقة	١٦/ ٢/ ١٩٧٩
ID Valid	16 FEBRUARY 1979
التوقيع	
Signature	

CERTIFICATE OF OTHER VACCINATIONS
CERTIFICAT D'AUTRES VACCINATIONS

Date	Nature of vaccine Genre de vaccin	Dose	Physician's signature Signature du médecin	Official position Fonction officielle	Stamp — Cachet

Konstantin 864-1869
or Jaguar Bookstore
Address 106 Eureka #5
SF, CA 94114

Gay Politics

by Konstantin Berlandt

July 9, 1980

"It is very sad and unfortuna to discover that there are gay who want to shut down the ices of truth because it doesn't benefit their pocketbook," compl ned Gay Native American Barbara Cameron from the platform in fr t of City Hall on San Francisco's Gay Freedom Day 1980.

She wasn't supposed to h up there.

Not according to the Ga Freedom Day (GFD) Committee's Corporate Board that had on June 19 countermanded the Committee's June 15 General Body mandate for seven speakers on the platform June 29, including one Gay Native American.

Cameron had to be snuck onto the stage by the women's performing group Alive to speak with the last few minutes of their set.

The question of whether there should be speakers at all at this year's Gay Freedom Day Parade and Celebration became more of an issue before the event than, Who do you want for President? Though perhaps the two questions had something in common: Neither dealt with the real issues involved.

Defenders of the Parade Committee's initial plan to have no speakers that day spoke of aesthetic considerations: Speakers are boring, haranguing with the same speech we've heard for years. Let's give the artists and musicians a chance.

Jerusalem in snow,

VALLEY OF THE MOON

WINE COUNTRY

Dear Winnifred, June 12

Got your letter dated June 1 today + really enjoyed it. Also enjoyed the clipping on Angela Davis trial. I was surprised at the outcome. Weren't you? I suppose you voted for McGovern? or Shirly Chisholm? Things here are livable but as I said before probably too dull. David + Charlie just got back from Jaharea where we saw a pretty bad movie: House Under the Trees FAYE DUNAWAY, bat photography of PARIS was beautiful. But it was a good feeling to get into a new a light city. Tomorrow I pick peeve after 3 days of dishwashing. I wish it would write me care of American Express Tel Aviv.

JERUSALEM, COVERED WITH SNOW

Love, Konstantin

ישראל

0.55

Winnifred J. Elliott
7318 Gladys Ave.
El Cerrito, Ca
94530
U.S.A.

Dear Winnifred + Konstantin -

You must recognize this place. Greece is surprisingly different from Italy. I love the people here they are very friendly + polite. I went walking around in the hills to the next village this morning after arriving just after dawn on the boat from Italy. Beautiful sunrise, full moon opposite. I love the milk products here: feta, yogurt, cream. I'm sitting on the dock next to all the colorful little boats. It's a little cool for swimming now, but the sun is lovely. I had a nice walk among the junipers + blackberries. It's so clean - everything looks like it's just been painted. The Albanian snow covered peaks are a surprising contrast. Meeting some interesting people from all countries in the hostels. I stayed in Naples long enough to see Pompeii which was interesting.

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PHOTOGRAPHER—*Ed Cooper*

Drinking under the elms.

Love,
Konstantin

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RECYCLED PAPER

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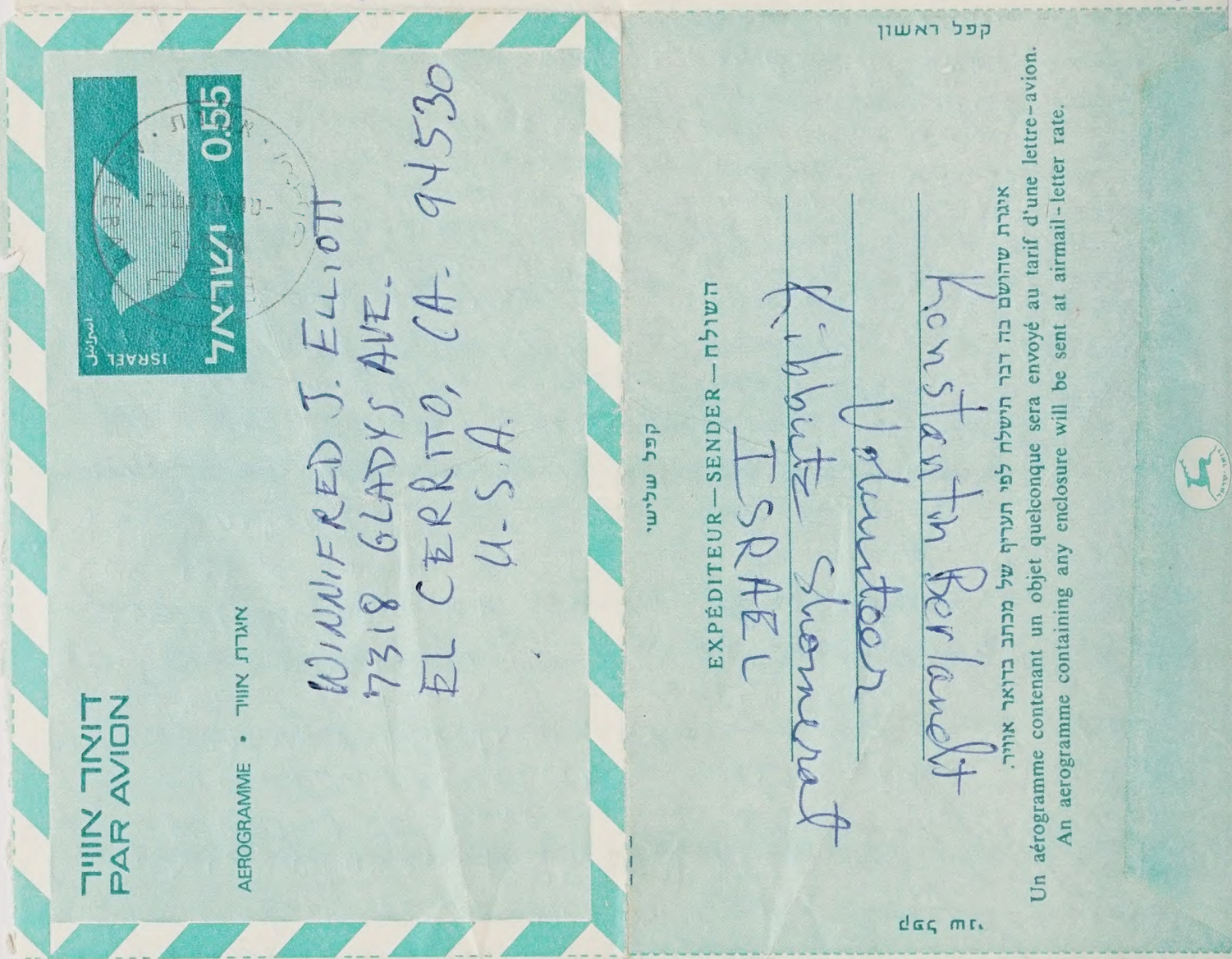
the shoes they're given me to work in. The mud is sometimes up to my knees. The job is moving irrigation pipes, sometimes 10 rows over in the tomatoe fields & sometimes like today setting up the cotton fields for summer irrigation. It's so good to be outside & look out across what seems like hundreds of acres of cotton. They've learned their farming techniques from a big Jewish farmer in the San Joaquin Valley



Dear Winnifred, Monday, June 24(?)

I've finally got a job I like and no longer feel an urgent need to move on to protect my sanity. I am working in the fields from 4 or 6 a.m. till 10:30 a.m. or 1 p.m. If I start at four I see the sun come up. It gets very hot from about 7 a.m. and of course I'm improving my tan but sometimes I get sick from too much sun, my back hurts from lifting things the wrong way & my feet hurt from

James 398/212x 516
3523831

Media Queer
Title: Ring My Bell
Jan. 30, 1984
by Konstantin Berlandt

The last time I saw him, he was boarding a 33 Ashbury bus at 18th & Castro on his way back to the Mission. He was wearing a red hooded sweatshirt, the cap hanging down in ~~the~~ back ~~under~~ over his coat, forming a bright red collar that made his dark face ~~look~~ more beautiful, ~~and~~ as he gave me that old friendly smile as I waved to him.

A couple weeks later he had died in the hospital. He'd had some kind of what seemed to be a blood disease since the spring. During ~~the~~ that busy period of putting on the Parade, I used to come round to his apartment near the Parade office. In ~~the~~ that busy ~~period~~ time ~~that it was for me,~~ he was the only one who seemed to have both the time and the interest to sleep with me. We would hold each other in bed. ~~I noticed~~ he seemed to be reluctant ~~he seemed to have to~~ sharing his bodily fluids: he'd push me away from his cock or ~~asshole~~ his ass, as if ~~it didn't interest him.~~ Maybe it tickled. ~~And yet he still wanted to sleep with me and~~ asked me ~~to come~~ back again. ~~I found this somewhat odd.~~

His room was filled with history stuffed animal ~~toy~~ collection, pictures on his wall with various friends, including a couple camping in drag.

I thought it meant he was attracted to me, yet he

I was concerned about the nose bleeds that happened frequently and would go on and on. He was angry when ~~the~~ after bleeding at the office the coroners sent him home, ~~and then~~ people at his place of employment decided he must have AIDS, and then set him off in a little cubicle by himself and forbid him from even walking down the hall to get a cup of coffee from the company urn.

I asked some friends what they thought he might have, since the doctors didn't seem to know, or if they knew he wasn't telling. A couple people who knew him said his problem was alcoholism, and if he would just stop drinking he would be fine. I remembered some nights smelling beer on his breath, but he seemed always calm and merely mellowed out--not drunk.

And then came the calls on my answering machine, beseeching me to call, and when I phoned back, to come over, he was depressed--even suicidal. It didn't occur to me ~~that~~ these ~~could be~~ were mood swings from a serious illness.

who grows cotton + tomatoes. I work here with three other men who are kind to me + do the same + same amount of work as I do — something a little unusual here. Perhaps after a week I'll be tired of this job but it has really made a big difference. I'm almost finished reading Nicholas + Alexandra — have you read it or did you see the movie. Steve, another volunteer, says it's not historically accurate but I've never read anything about the era between 1895 and 1920 so it's very fascinating to me — The start of W.W. II + the Russian Revolution. It makes the Emperor + Empress + children into martyrs + tragic figures (which I'm sure they were) but it does it to such an extent that the revolutionaries seem like villains. Then I've got 2 books on Israel to read: The Source + Israel without Zionism. Saw Help — an outdoor movie — by the Beatles — Saturday night here.

How are things where you are? Glad to get the clippings on Angela Davis' trial the Royce Briar with all his rationality in defense of the American system of justice (so defensive it makes me think they wanted an exception to "prove" american justice but exceptions that cost $ 2 million + take 2 years + hundreds of demonstrations must be rare within the system) seemed to miss the point of what Angela Davis was saying: she was kidnapped by the United States government for two years like so many other Black leaders and many poor Blacks spend years in prison before trial just as she did because they are "suspected" — a Black face accused of a crime! Critics think because she is Black + in America she should be "grateful" to be free. I agree with her "No trial would have been justice." Did Ray vote against striking today with the pilots around the world? I read in Jerusalem Post that American Airlines pilots voted not to strike. I wonder why? Thank you for your letters.

Love, Konstantin

Having had hepatitis, I should have remembered.

And I wondered why he called me at such times, since we had only just met, relative ~~and he didn't seem that passionate about me, why it was me he'd call when he felt so down. He must not~~ Didn't he have any deeper friends? ~~I concluded.~~ None, anyway, whom he ~~felt comfortable~~ could ~~to~~ turn to, perhaps again.

I knew him
~~He was~~ a volunteer coordinator for the Parade Committee, ~~the Gay Freedom Day Marching Band and the Gay Olympics.~~ He carried the Lesbian/Gay Freedom Day Committee banner in the Portland Pride parade last June. He stood out on the street corner all last spring and again in the fall, selling Parade T-shirts, buttons, posters, and ~~their tickets to the~~ later tickets to the Renaissance Haire, to benefit the Parade and Operation Concern.

His volunteers staffed the march committee on the day of the Parade, ~~and~~ They helped things get moving down Market Street. ~~Mark Brown, when he was with the Gay Olympics, was quoted by attorney Michael Evans, "If I needed something to be done, I knew if I asked Ron it would get done."~~

Ron also took on the project of getting the flags hung on the buildings around Civic Center for the day of the Parade, and accomplished something that had never occurred before: when our rainbow flag ~~was~~ flew atop City Hall.

~~And~~ But one day in the fall, on his way to work at APA, he fell down on the Muni and burst a hemorrhoid. Since ~~the~~ bleeding continued, he ~~turned around and~~ returned home, eventually passing out in the shower from the loss of blood. Coincidentally and miraculously, his father called his work that morning, and then his roommate at work, and then came over to the apartment, found the building super out ~~in~~ front with ~~the~~ keys to let him in, ~~to find~~ and found his son in the shower and rush ~~ed~~ him to the hospital in the knick of time to save his life.

Ron told me on the phone from his hospital bed, he had lost so much blood there had been damage to many of his organs. He laughed about the grim sight his roommate must have encountered that night when he got home, not yet knowing Ron was in the hospital, finding only his bloody clothes and bloody shower curtain.

Yet Ron was back out of the hospital some weeks later and looking almost as good as new--a little more mellow perhaps. He seemed to move more slowly, smile more slowly.

His last weekend on the street corner for the Committee was with the Parade Santas in December ~~and~~ late Sunday afternoon, when there was

A random entry: September 14, Thursday, 8:45 a.m.--On the plane David and I wrote lists of the 14 people we admire most, with the most admired at the very top. So here they are from the top of our heads:

	DAVID'S	MINE
1.	Ursula Andress	Joan Baez
2.	Joan Baez	Bernadette Devlin
3.	Germaine Greer	Germaine Greer
4.		Indria Ghandi
5.		Catherine Hepburn
6.		Julian Bond
7.		Linus Pauling
8.		Barbra Streissand
9.		Christopher Isherwood
10.	Angela Davis	Angela Davis
11.		Aretha Franklin Stevie Wonder
12.		Jane Fonda
13.		
14.		Ralph Ginsberg

He said Bernadette Devlin would have been on his list too if he had remembered her.

I am at my Aunt Tillie's and Uncle Jack's house now. Jack is asleep; Tillie has gone to work already; the cockerspaniel is resting on this kitchen floor; I am drinking coffee and waiting for 3 phonecalls. After Jack gets up I'll take a shower and shave again.

The first phonecall should be from a woman maybe planning to dirve to California tomorrow, but the later it gets, the less likely that looks. I'll have to call the agency again ;this afternoon for more drivers' names.

Sue Werbe, my old friend from college, said she would phone me this morning--~~xxx~~ though I don't care if she doesn't since I'm leaving for California so soon. I can see people when I return.

an empty chair, we dressed him up in ~~a~~ a Santa suit alongside Bill Sheppardson, the wheelchair Santa.

Many paid to have their photo taken on Bill's lap, but none asked to sit on Ron's. Maybe because he looked so weak and pale, maybe those little spots like zits that had been scratched, bursting capillaries that had dried.

~~And~~ We knew, those of us who knew him, how handsome he had been, and always so well dressed, we figured he was dying.

He aksed me again to come over some time. Even knowing there wasn't much time, I only intended to. Something always came up. A busy schedule of meetings, wild nights out and a trick or two up to the apartment, and if I had a night off, it was a night I wanted to go to bed early, so I wouldn't be dead at work the next day.

~~And then there was~~ Until that Saturday afternoon when I ran up to his bus to see if I could catch him before he got on, so that we could go ~~to~~ have coffee and catch up on things; and instead I caught only his beautiful smile, his once again handsome dark face, as I ~~will alwyas~~ now remember him smiling at me from ~~that~~ the bus.

* * *

Ken and I went to see ~~him~~ Ron in the hospital. He was in intensive care at Franklin & Davies. There were ten of his family, all smartly dressed in warm sweaters, slacks or pants suits. They all looked like they cared.

The nurse ~~seemed like she~~ looked like she might have let us in to see ~~Ron~~ him if his family hadn't objected. "We've been here all day, and have only seen him once," his mother sid, "If anyone's going to be allowed in to see him, it should be family," insisted another relative. Her face ~~looked~~ dark from tears worn in.

I said we had not come there to push our way in but to wish him well. I was glad they were there, there all day, for several days. Their commitment ~~was~~ seemed greater than mine. After all, I was only a trick, really.

~~I thought I saw~~ As she sank into a chair, did his mother take ~~in~~ the undone top button of my Levis and know, ~~as she sunk into a chair, what~~ my relationship ~~was~~ to with her son. ~~I thought I heard her~~ Did she think, If he wasn't Gay, ~~he~~ would ~~n't~~ he be ~~in there~~ dying now? ~~But something else was more important than~~ those

Ken shook hands with Ron's ~~father~~ dad. I mumbled ;something about, If there's anything we can do...? A young woman, ~~relative signed~~, "There's nothing we can do--except pray." ~~She'd grown up with Ron, sighed now~~ Another, a cousin who ~~had~~ disagree now, and we were all on the ~~same side of that~~.

I said I was, which was not a lie. A miracle would do.

~~Late on~~ Saturday I bought him flowers--an Easter colored spring bouquet of thought I might drop off at the hospital, since I wasn't allowed to ~~I couldn't~~ visit; But the nurse told me they didn't allow flowers either in the ICU ward. ~~I~~ I gave them to my grandmother Sunday ~~about~~ afternoon, about the time he died.

* * *

R Mic
863 4086
c21 7863

MARVEN O. NELSON, ED.D.
2503 First Street
Woodward, Oklahoma 73801

Jan. 27,1991

Dear Konstantin,

Thanks for your card of Jan. 20th. I appreciate your remembering me; and it is good to hear from you. I would be interested in a letter that would tell me about yourself and your activities.

I very much miss being in New York; but I occasionally return for a visit. Kent is gracious enough to allow me to stay in his apartment while I am there; and I am able to visit a few friends and enjoy going out to dinner with Kent and some of his friends.

I am quite busy here now. I am the director of a guidance clinic for children and parents. It is a clinic operated by Oklahoma State Department of Health; and I have four other people who work with me. We deal with about every kind of problem that occurs among families. Prior to becoming director of the clinic, I worked for the Oklahoma State Department of Corrections as psychologist for a correctional center new here. I much prefer my present job.

I am glad to have my job, since I came to Oklahoma facing the probablity that I would be in permanent retirement. That was not something I was looking forward to! This can be a pretty dull place if there is no job to occupy one's time.

Thanks again for your card.

Sincerely,

Marven

Did you have a son named Kostya Konstantsin Arkady and do you remember?

A Spring Bouquet

from **A Hippie Garden of Verses**

by Herman Berlandt

Illustrations by Nicola Walker

Dear Konstantin.
Looking foward to a generous
and forgiving relationship
this coming year. Love
you Dad.

"A Spring Bouquet"
is a child's retrospective of
events during the hippie days
as told by a loving father
in the spirit of R.L. Stevenson
and Blake's "Songs of Innocence".

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Published by Sandpiper Press
P.O. Box 886, Bolinas, CA 94924

Illustrations by Nicola Walker

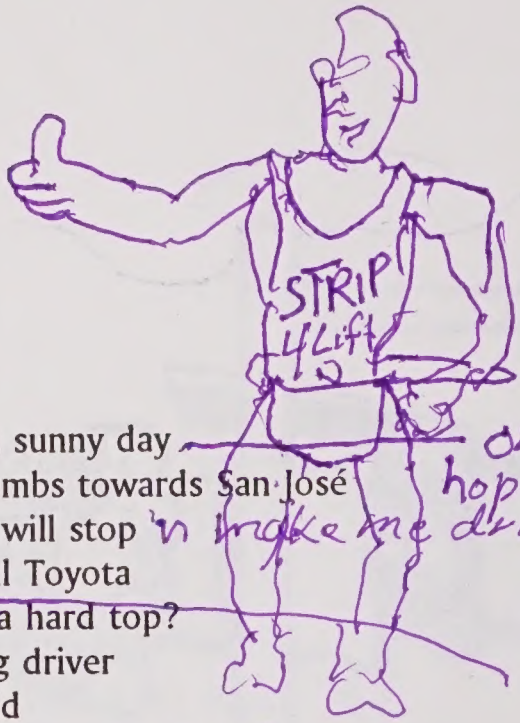
A Spring Bouquet

from **A Hippie Garden of Verses**

by Herman Berlandt

OUR COMMUNE

Nine members of our commune
Will be having supper soon
It's Mommy's turn to cook the meal
And Jeffry's turn to chop and peel
And Annie's turn to bake the bread
So all nine members will be fed.
I'll help Allen wash the dishes
When Mommy cooks the food's delicious.
The stereo plays a happy beat
Dorothy sets the table neat
Daddy's free, he's reading a book
And Jacky's helping Mommy cook.
The other two are out
Doing the paper route
But they'll be back soon
For they belong to our commune.



HITCHHIKING

This morning is a sunny day
We stuck our thumbs towards San José
Who knows who will stop
A VW van, a small Toyota
A panel truck or a hard top?
A bearded smiling driver
A lady with a child
A fellow headed for the beach
Who drives too fast and wild?
It's a nice adventure
To step into a car
Always a surprise
Whether the ride is near or far.
Daddy says
Only the nicest people would stop
Who else would pick us up??
It's nice to make new friends
And eat at roadside places
We all seem headed in the same direction
Though we all have different faces.
After hitching half the night
We came at last to my uncle's house
I sure was glad to leave the road
His bed was my most welcome sight!

THE BIG CITY

Down the Freeway, Ass out my way
And over the Bay, passing wor
Lies a Big City

The buildings are tall
The traffic does stall
In this Big City

The stores are so busy
It makes us all dizzy
In this Big City

Heavy fog and big boats
Lots of people wear their coats
In this Big City

In the park and at the zoo
There are lots of things to do
In this Big City

The Cable Car's a thrill
Going up and down the hill
In this Big City.

SALE

HARE KRISHNA

Let's all sing
Hare Krishna
Hare Hare
With those Krishna people in their pink saris
They jingle the cymbal
And crash the tambourine
They pass out sticks of incense
It's such a groovy scene!

I don't know who Krishna is
But I like his sound and smells
The munchy food he shares with me
And the boom of drums and bells.

THE END

THE HEAD SHOP

The shop I like the most
Is your ever-loving Trading Post
The one with posters, beads and bells
And incense which gives off strange smells
There they sell you crazy kites
Scented candles and black lights

Always I must wander in
To see that bearded man
Who rings those tinkly bells for me
And bangs his copper pan.

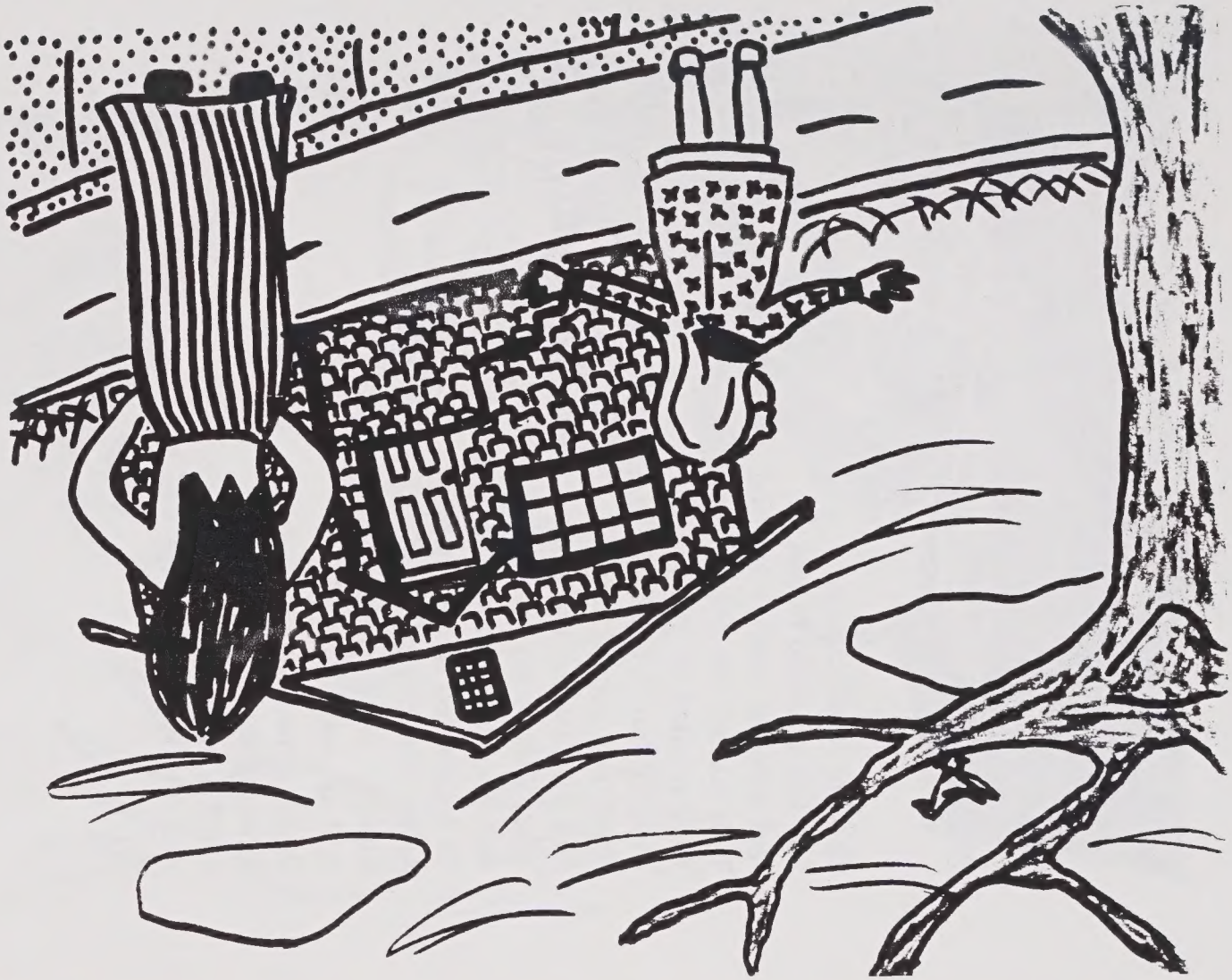
TO BIG PEOPLE

Don't say hurry up!
Don't say come on!
Give me time to say hello
Before these cats are gone.

I often say thank you
When I do something wrong I'm sorry
I eat when I'm hungry
I laugh when I play, why worry?

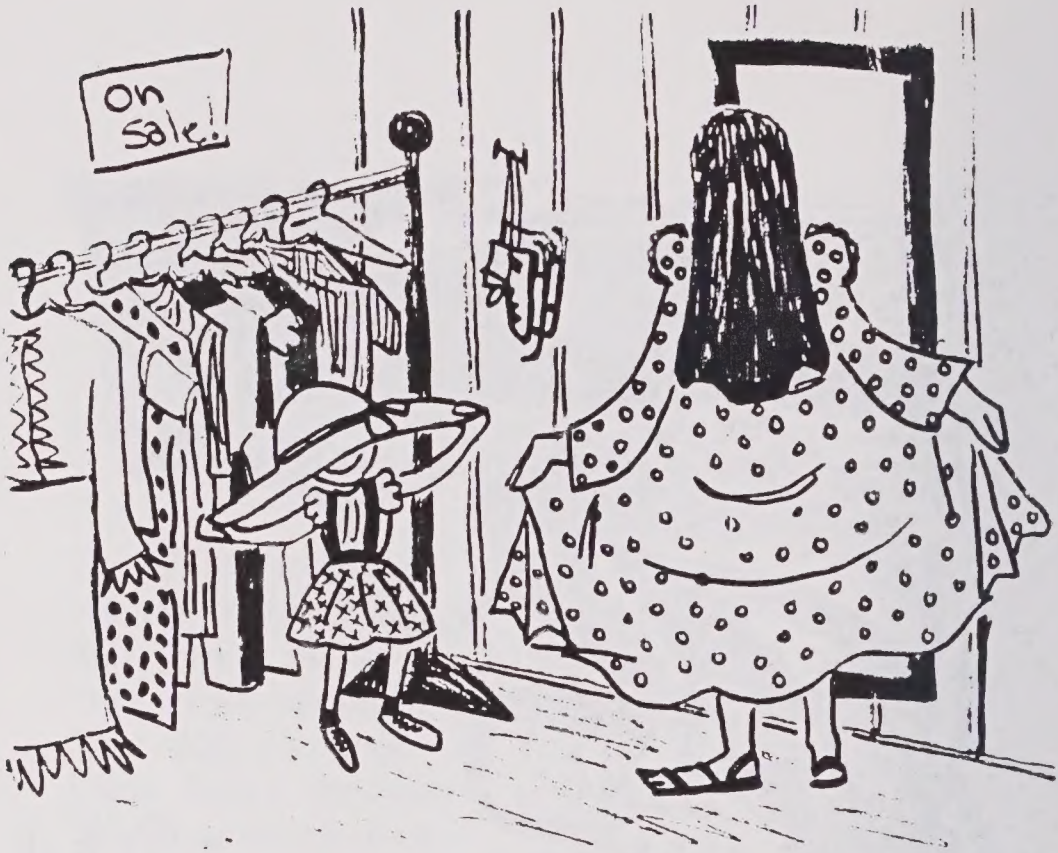
I don't know what I need
But I'm sure it isn't speed
If I keep up with you
I'll miss too much
Lots of pretty things
I like to touch

So let's stay awhile and look around
A bird is singing, it's a pretty sound.



PICNIC

The fire kindled fine
The fire crackled bright
And when at last we roasted franks
They turned out brown and light.
They smelled so good
I kept them in the flame
Then they turned black
And didn't taste the same
What's more my spit burned off
And the smoke made me cough.
So I gathered more paper
And a new pile of wood
Roasted more franks
And ate what I could.
Daddy poured his coffee
Mommy took her tea
I had a bottle of orange juice
Which was just right for me.



THE RUMMAGE SHOP

I know the shoe's too big
But the color and shape is right
I'm too small for that fancy dress
But on Mommy it's outasight.
I try on floppy hats that don't fit
The old shopkeeper says it's handknit
Fifty cents, Mommy thinks twice
Then we leave, quietly as mice.

SELLING CRAFTS

Mommy and Daddy paint beach stones
They also work with glass and bones
And make such pretty things to wear
To part with them is hard to bear.

When Mommy sells for cash and money
We shop at night for bread and honey
But when she trades her things instead
I take a furry bear to bed.

SCHOOL

When I go to school
I try to keep it cool
I don't like to play the fool
When I go to school.

The teachers play their role
They do what they are told
They're always ready to scold
When they think we get too bold.

We play and have our fun
When the bell rings we run
And after quizzes we have done
We come back to play in the sun.

But I find school a drag
Always the same old bag
And my teacher's an awful nag
That's why I find school a drag.

BAREFOOT

Do you see the grassy border?
Do you hear the splashy water?
Let's pull our shoes off
Grass feels moist and soft
The sand is tickly sweet
So much fun with bare feet.
If I cut my foot it will bleed
Then a band-aid I will need
A pink band-aid on bare feet
That's a treat!

ON THE BEACH

On the beach I dunk my feet
In water white with foam
Sandpipers dig the waves like me
At the water's edge they roam.
The sandy shore is where they live
That's where they make their home
They're quick to move when waves come high
But I get washed about
I'm not scared and I don't cry
I just splash and laugh and shout.

ROCK CONCERT

We came in the afternoon
And didn't come too soon
For all the space was taken
When the band began to tune.

Lots of balloons in the air
Frizbees arose from somewhere
Though they hit some people on the head
They were too stoned to care

The singer yelled like a hound
The drums made a mighty big sound
Dogs were wandering all over the place
And wine was passed all around

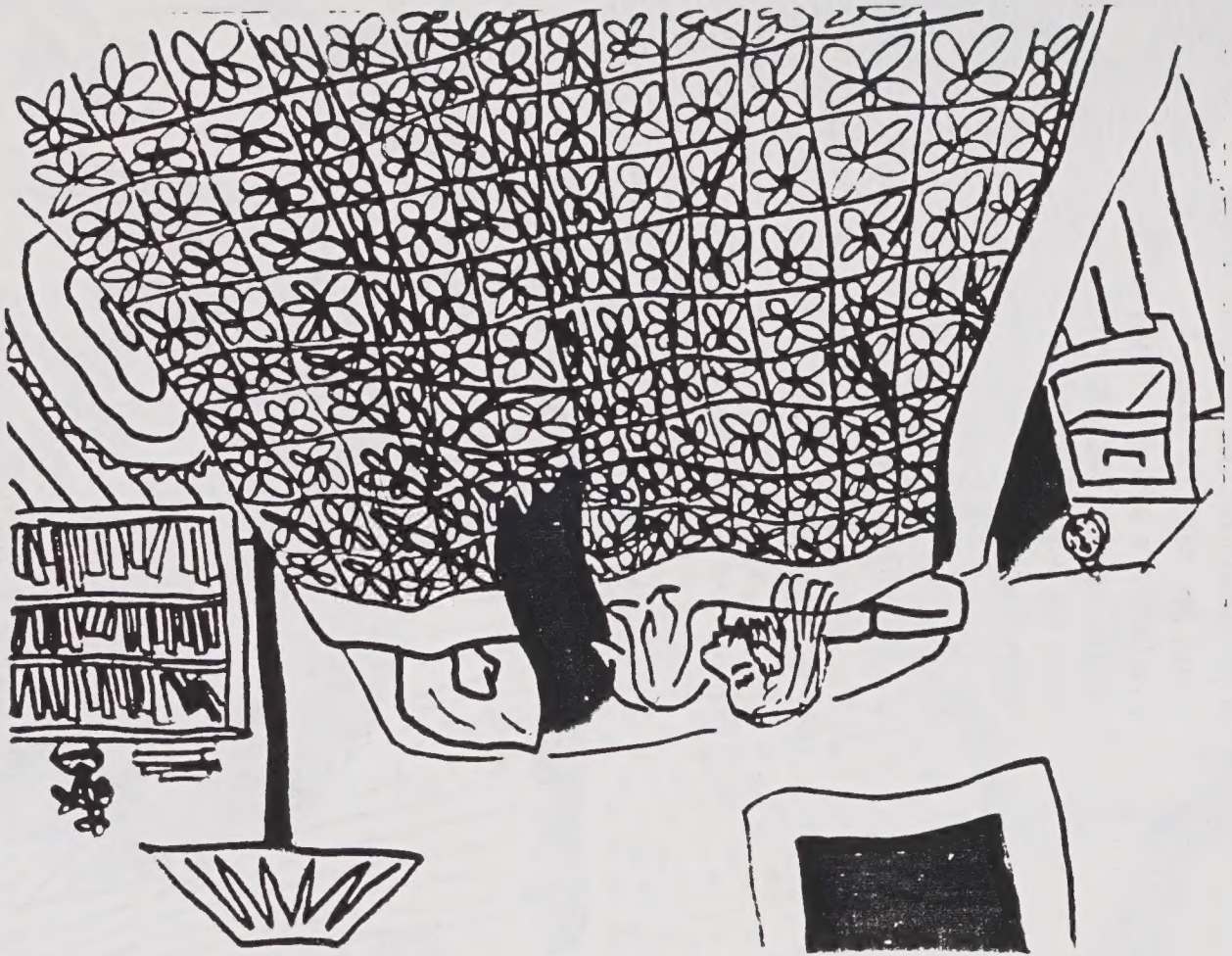
We tried to rock, we tried to sing
While the freaky musicians were doing their thing
Though it's been two days since we were there
My brain still beats, the vibes still ring!

LOVING

I like to be kissed
I like to be hugged
I like my favorite blanket
I had a boat that hissed and chugged
And in my bath I sank it.

In the morning
When I leave my mattress
I find my way to my parent's bed
I crawl in between the two
Before I ever get fed.

I nuzzle close to papa
And close to mama I groove
It's nice to feel warm and wanted
Even if they're too sleepy to move.



THE ELEPHANT

I dig that mighty elephant
A hundred times my size
If he would lift me with his trunk
Upon his back I'd rise.
But Daddy's afraid I might get hurt
On his prickly back so wide
Wish he would make me a seat
With pillows soft and neat
So I could take my ride.
I would feed him peanuts
I would feed him rolls
I would wash him with a hose
If he'd lift me with his nose.

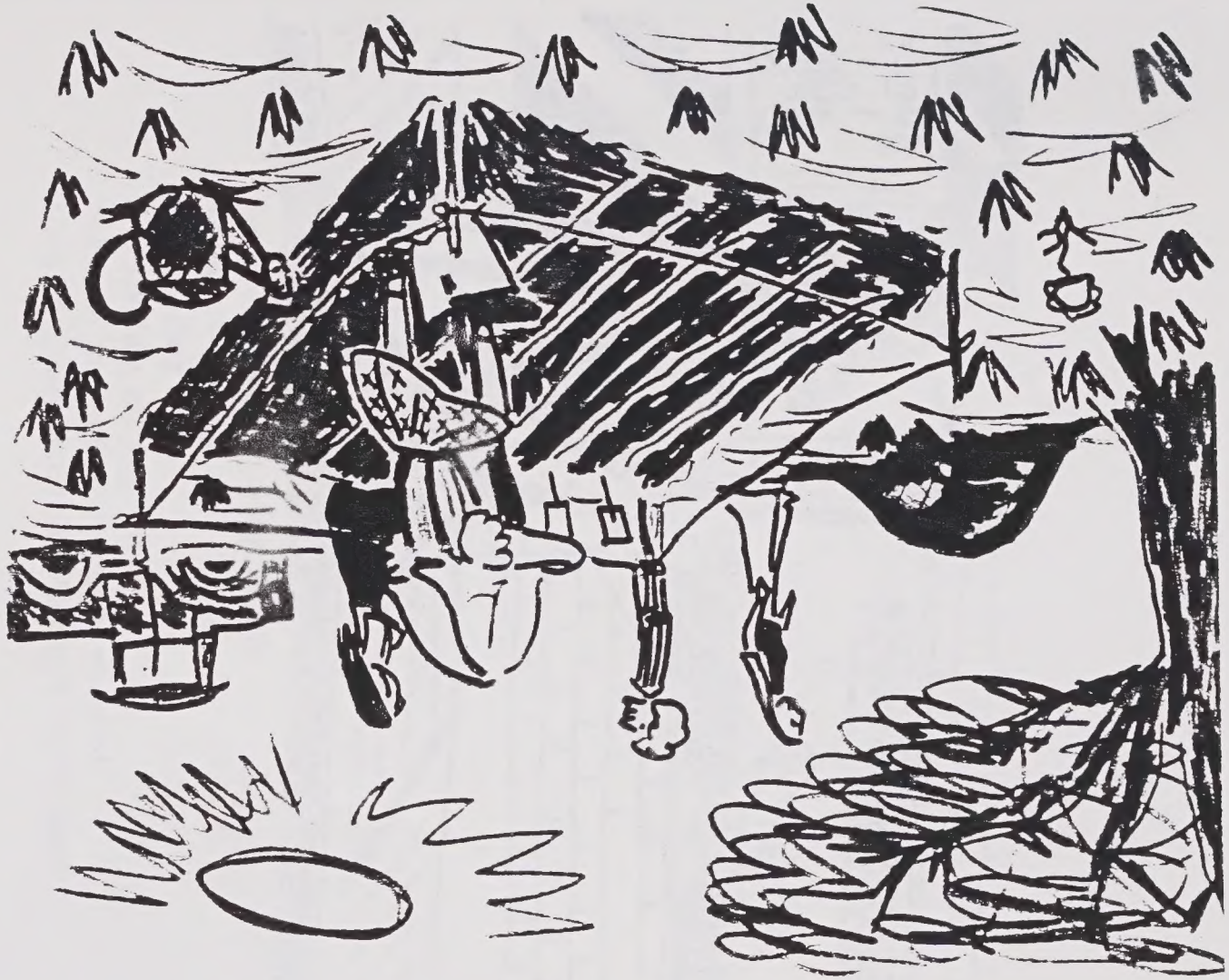
FISH

I love the fish
Those caught on the line
And those served on the dish
When our friends come to dine.

Sometimes I go to the pier
See lots of fishermen there
All their lines flung out
When a fish is caught we shout!
Still it seems they're hurt
The way they flop about
Makes me want to cry
The way they let them die.

GARDENING

I have a little garden in People's Park
There I work until it's almost dark
With spade and fork good dirt I mix
Around it I stretched a string on sticks.
I put my seeds in not too deep
And spread some compost from the heap.
Before I leave I water the ground
With an old tin spraycan Daddy found.
Mommy sayd they'll come up soon
First the greens then the flowers
If I water every afternoon
When we get no rain or showers.
My pretty patch is for all to see
Because all things at this park are free.



SHOES

GOODIES

I like to stop at the cookie shop
I'll admit I'm turned on by soda pop
Doughnuts seem to go down right
But Mommy's on a diet
And it makes her uptight
Candy and lollipops are great
But it always starts a big debate
About spoiling me
And spoiling teeth
And spoiling my appetite.
I wish all this junk didn't taste so good
Then I'd gladly settle for Mommy's health food!

BALLOONS

Balloons, balloons
Every color
Every size
Blow them up
And they will rise
Blow too hard
Your ears are jarred
Weren't you told
They'd explode?
Hold them tight
Or they'll take to flight
Out of sight!

RAGGEDY ANN

Mommy found my Raggedy Ann
She found it in a garbage can
Her name fit her well
For anyone could tell
She was ragged, almost bare
Looked like nobody seemed to care
But we washed off all her dirt
And made her a blouse and skirt
Now she looks much better and smarter too
A lot more comfy, though far from new.

PONY RIDE

I have a friend
His name is Amos
He takes care of ponies
He's not very famous
But he treats his ponies well
And he's very kind to me
For whenever I come to see him
He lets me ride them free
First Amos puts the saddle on
While I feed the pony rye
Then he sets me on her back
It's fun to be up high!

HANSEL AND GRETEL

Another story that doesn't quiet settle
Is that freaky tale of Hansel and Gretel
Why did their Daddy put up with the old bag
When she was so mean and such a drag.

That picnic in the woods seemed like fun
Picking wild strawberries to eat with their bun
And coming upon the house of cookies made them flip
Like what my Daddy said about his acid trip
But then it got too heavy and scary
The witch at the furnace was too hairy
I'm sure glad they found their way back!

Home
Sweet
Home

THE THREE BEARS

Did you hear the story
About that silly chick
Who made herself sick
When she crashed the bears' pad
Tore that place up pretty bad
Ate all the porridge meant for baby bear
Even broke his chair and left it there
Then went upstairs to take a nap
That's when she stepped into the trap
'Cause bears don't like to get ripped off
(Though this chick didn't mean to be so rought)
They like to share in all the fun
Else they'll make the intruder run.

Well after their walk those bears came back
To eat their breakfast and hit the sack
Imagine how uptight they got
When they found no porridge in the pot
And when baby found his chair a mess
They liked that sight even less
And when they found Goldilocks upstairs
They were no longer friendly bears.
Luckily Goldie jumped out the window first
She got off easy with a sprained leg.

A SPRING BOUQUET

I. The Birth of Spring

Spring arrived
With the boom of cracking ice
The whistling of a keening wind
A heavy threat of snow
And swallows retracing
Their hail-ridden path.
Despite this ill-reception
Spring arrived!

II. Hitchhiking—Spring at One

Three birds on the way to L.A.
Rain falls
Carwheels wash past them
Pretty baby on the man's back
Wet pink cheeks
Which lucky car will make room for them?
Wife's chestnut hair drips fresh rain
The man licks the drip off his nose
A van stops
Welcome refuge for soaked fugitives.

III. Going to the Fair—Spring at One

Spring with locks in pretty ties
Babbles assent to a stroller walk
Sticks her stubby thumb to the wind
Helps Mommy hail a ride to Cody's Fiar.
Here in Berkeley
Every day's a toddling, babbling
sun sprinkled fair.

IV. On the Beach—Spring at Two

Spring is out there folling waves
Squatting in the wet sand
Licking her salt lips
And sowing Godlove in the wind.
Splish splash bare feet
Splish splash life is sweet.

V. A Peace Proposal—Spring at Three

Daddy
If you love me
Why should we argue?
Why should you spank me?
Why should I cry?
I'll be good
And you will NEVER be angry with me
Just let me stay up
Eat my candy
And look at T.V. with you.

VI. Adoring Father—Spring at Three

Is my incredible daughter a fit subject for a poem?
Even for Shakespeare she'd be too natural
Too affectionate, too charming to press into words.
His and my rhapsody
Would be mere footnotes
Understatements
To her own flowing action poem
Living out one fascinating performance of a flowering life
And framing my own
With the ornamental border of innocence.

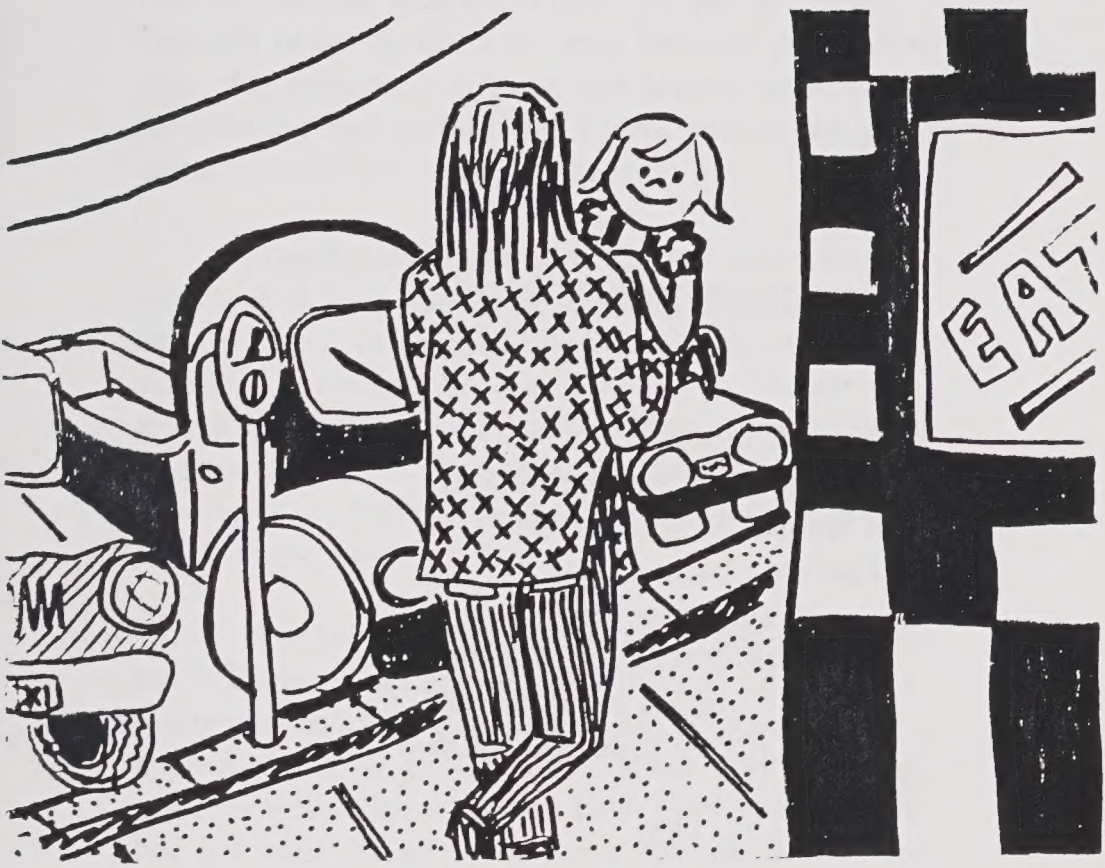
VII. Playing—Spring at Four

Grown-ups playing politics
Playing the old reliable
Playing routines and rituals
Playing at winning arguments and being righteous
Playing at scoring and being desirable
At being creative and responsible
At gathering knowledge and expertise
Playing the discriminate critic
And taking in the slack in anxieties with encounter groups
Bored and exhausted at the end of our day's play.

Now my daughter Spring is something else.
At four, the complete mistress of polymorphous play.
Never mind the dolls, toys and books
She plays with her food
dressing up
making suds
rhyming words
tracing puddles
Commandeers any smiling adult
For a roll, a lift or a swing
Or a cozy disarming conversation
Knocks on any yellow red or green door
to 'make a visit.'
Perhaps we should pool our playtime
and live happily ever after.

VIII. Making Friends—Spring at Five

My little girl says
'Please forgive me Daddy"
Or demands with vehement tears:
'Daddy, you won't even forgive me!'
Such melodrama
When I only rebuked her for rudely interrupting.
She wanted the return of love immediately
Shake hands
A hug to the left
A hug to the right
A kiss on the left cheek
A kiss on the right
Join hands and declare
'Now we are friends!'
Thus the multitude of hurts are cancelled.
A marvelous formula
Melodramatic but effective.


EAT

WELCOME HOME, SPRING

The full moon is out
Transformed and illuminated
It welcomes your return
You who have streaked
        across two worlds
And now descend to the earth
                down a moonbeam
Such a joy to have you back!

October 17, 1986

Dear Father,

You must believe in your own strength and nourish yourself when you find that you are alone. You will never be alone for long because people love you. But even so, you must not depend upon others for your joy and well being. I want you to feel good about yourself even when others do not.

Usually when someone dislikes something in others, it is their own discord within that makes a certain aspect of another unpleasant. Because you are sensitive, because you care—you are hurt easily—amazing how fragile and delicate are your emotions! It shows you are still, wholly and completely alive—part of being alive is being whole with people and without them.

It is beautiful to have a family and loved ones. But it is also beautiful and necessary to be on one's own—and still feel complete. I am glad that I have been a source of joy for you— It can only be a tiny piece in return for what you have given me! My life has not been alone— You are a valuable friend—and my childhood has not disappeared—it is everywhere—and bursting inside of me. You are so sad sometimes, and lose faith like a little child (a romantic adolescent). But life will no doubt carry you beyond the torrents of sorrow—and even beyond the paradise of joy— Real life is beyond all that—or perhaps it is all that, and more. Please be happy—take care of yourself—people love you! (I love you.)

Spring

Nicola Walker

Resumé

Konstantin Berlandt

106 Eureka #5
San Francisco, CA 94114

Phone: (415) 864-1869

Born: San Francisco, California

Education:

Graduate student, San Francisco State University Creative Writing 1975-7
B.A. Sociology, University of California Berkeley 1974
Graduate, El Cerrito High School, El Cerrito, California 1963
Also attending: H.S.of American Samoa, Pago Pago, A.S.; Pacific Grove H.S., Pacific Grove, Ca; Washington J.H.S., Salinas, Ca; Yerrington Union, Yerrington, Nev; Tranquillity Union, Tranquillity, Ca; Longfellow and Emerson Elementary, Berkeley, CA; Sarah B. Cooper Elementary, San Francisco, CA

WORK EXPERIENCE

Journalism:

Bay Area Reporter, columnist and reporter, March 1980-
Livermore Independent, reporter (Ala. Cty. Bd. of Sups. beat), Nov.-Mar. 1980
Agence France Presse, stringer, 1975-9
Gay Sunshine, founder & editor (performing all functions), May 1970-June 1971
Daily Californian, editor-in-chief, 1968-9, most other editorial staff positions, 1963-8
Time Magazine, stringer (Berkeley campus),1966-7
Monterey Peninsula Herald, correspondent, 1961-2
Mason Valley News, correspondent, 1957-8

Free Lance:

Bay Guardian, July 1980
S.F. Examiner, Feb. 1980
Village Voice, June 1975
San Francisco Magazine, Jan. 1975
Berkeley Tribe, underground press 1969-72
Rolling Stone Magazine, Mar. 1969

Editing:

"Meditation, Kosher-Style", co-author Dr. Anthony Gardiner Lowell, work in progress
Institute for Architecture & Urban Studies, 9 W. 40th St. New York, NY
Sept 1972-Mar 1973 (editing gov't grant proposal)

Other:

Executive Secretary to the General Manager, Saudi Arabia Transport Organisation Ltd., Al Khobar, Saudi Arabia, salary $2150/mo., Feb-Aug 1978
(a trucking, stevedoring, barging and shipping operation with over 1000 employees and contracts in the hundreds of millions)

References:

Carole & Richard Malkin, El Dorado, Berkeley (phone: 527-2838)
writer and U.C. professor respectively
Andy McGall, editor, Livermore INDependent
Paul Lorch, editor, Bay Area Reporter,

1979-80

Manager, Jaguar Bookstore
A Castro Village Social Hall

Jan 77—Oct 78

Executive Assistant to the General Manager
Saudia Arabia Transport Organisation Ltd.,
Al Khobar, Saudi Arabia
Supervising office, minutes of corporate meetings, traveling with G.Mgr. in helicopters, jets & limo's wherever in S.A. he visited work sites for stevedoring, trucking, lighterage, heavy lift and port management & barge company.
Marketing Secretary & Operations Assistant
Global Transport Organisation Ltd.,
transporting oil rigs around the world.
One Market Plaza, San Francisco
Both owned by Genstar, Crowley Maritime & Federal Commerce & Navigation.

Journalism

Bay Area Reporter news journalist and weekly columnist covering the media, nominated for Outstanding Columnist± of the Years 1982, 1983 & 1984 Cable Car Awards. 1980-84.

Gay Press Association Wire Service computer modom based, 1982-83. Published in many papers around the country.±

Co-Founder Gay Sunshine, 1970.

Editor-in-Chief Daily Californian, 1968; all other editorial staff positions 1963-8. Supervised entire operation of daily 12-48 page student newspaper at UC Berkeley.

Stringer, TIME Inc., Berkeley, 1966-67.

Freelance publication of articles: Centerfold of Rolling Stone, back cover Village Voice, squip in San Francisco Magazine. Liberation News Service in late 60's with reprints in most major city underground newspapers.

Contributor: After You're Out, The Gay Liberation Book, and Out of the Closets/Voices from Gay Liberation anthologies, early 70's.

Dedication for editorial contribution: Journeys of David Toback, Carole Malkin.

Other

San Francisco Yellow Cab Driver, 1973-5.
Kibbutz volunteer, summer 1972.
Secretary, 6 mos., Trane Company, NYC 1971-2.
Institute for Architecture & Urban Studies, 6 m[illegible] NYC
Bohemian Grove Switchboard Supervisor, summer
Secretary, Gov't of American Samoa, 1962-3.

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Legal Secretary/Word Processing
1989-1990
Rosen, Wachtell & Gilbert, Legal Assistant to Senior Partner
345 California Street, Suite 2200/San Francisco, CA 94104

Temporary 1986-1989
Murphy, Weir & Butler
Dinklespiel, Donovan & Reder
Latham & Watkins (6 mos. office manager project office)
Sheppard, Mullen, Richter & Hampton
Berkeley City Attorney's Office

Administrative Assistant/Word Processor 1981-1985
University of California San Francisco
3rd & Parnassus
San Francisco, California

Administration 1981-1985
Co-Chair Lesbian/Gay Freedom Day Parade & Celebration Committee 1983, 1985. Overseeing 500 volunteers & paid staff producing San Francisco's largest annual event attracting 350,000 participants.

Executive Secretary to the General Manager (Overseas)/
Marketing Secrtary/Operations Assistant (Corporate Headquarters)
1977-78
Crowley Maritime
101 California, Floor 48
San Francisco, California 94111

Education
B.A. University of California Berkeley, sociology, 1974
Graduate School of Creative Writing, SF State University, 1975-77

Honors & Awards
Certificate of Honor, SF Board of Supervisors 1985
Cable Car Awards Columnist of the Year Nominee 1981-83

Journalism
Columnist/Reporter, **Bay Area Reporter** 1980-85
Co-founder, **Gay Sunshine** 1971
Editor-in-Chief **Daily Californian**, 1968-9
Stringer, **Time/Life** 1966-67
Published **Village Voice, San Francisco Magazine, Rolling Stone.**
(partial listing)

How meaning over park has

Continued from Page A-1

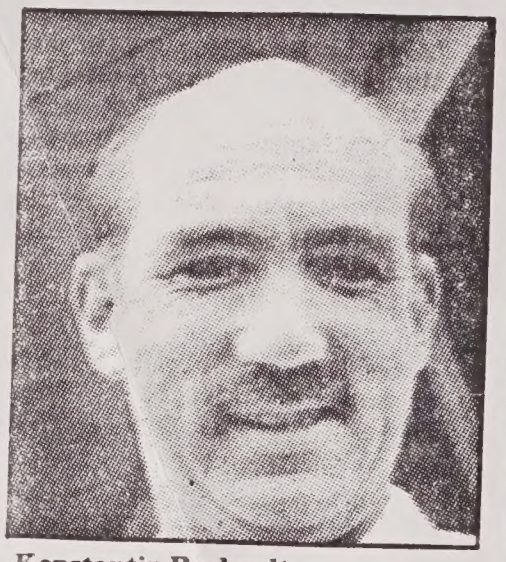
police officers wounded.

Today the park is occupied mostly by the homeless and drug dealers. But neither the university, the present cooperation of Berkeley's progressive city government nor the passing of years has halted the revolution that began one sunny Sunday afternoon in the spring of '69.

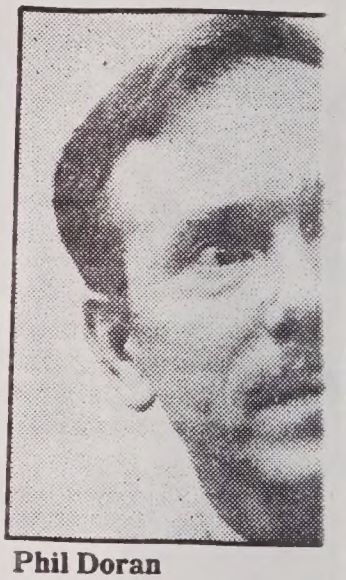
For two decades, each time the university has made an attempt to take control of the park an unruly hoard of demonstrators materializes. Minor scuffles and full-scale riots have occurred with monotonous regularity. Two weeks ago, violent protests erupted when UC broke ground for public volleyball courts in the center of the park.

To help explain the dilemmas surrounding People's Park the Oakland Tribune interviewed several of those involved in that fatal spring of 1969. Here are some of their observations:

Stewart Albert
Has mellowed



Konstantin Berlandt
Different times



Phil Doran
Berkeley police of

Albert in the '60s
Writer for Barb

Berlandt in the '60s
UC student, editor

Doran in the '60s
Saw demonstration

Jon Read

Now a Berkeley landscape architect, Read is credited along with Michael Delacour as a cofounder of the park. He's still involved in a peaceful fashion and he's currently working on a plan to use the homeless and local citizens to build the rest of the park by hand.

"The people who built the park originally were — it sounds corny — but they came in search of meaning. The Vietnam War didn't make sense nor did their parents' values from the 1950s.

"They came to Berkeley because they were looking for new ways to live a sensible life. Most of them had money from home. Theirs was a philosophical pilgrimage and it all came together in People's Park. Most of us have never forgotten what it was like.

"The people in the park today are economically deprived. They've been cast off by a society that doesn't want them and they don't have many illusions. But the issue is the same. . . . These are people who resent the over-reaching authority of the university.

"The university in this case represents mindless authority. That's why People's Park is as timeless as the Mona Lisa's smile. The park is a piece of land where authority has lost its authority."

Bill Coblentz

A powerful San Francisco attorney and veteran liberal Democrat, Coblentz sat on the board of regents from 1964 until 1980. He said the battles in the '60s over the park were "minor" compared with the ferocity of other anti-war and anti-establishment turmoil that rocked the campus and city during his tenure.

He watches the present debate sadly.

"I don't know the constituency (of the park) now," he said. "When I taught at the business school last year, I'd walk along Telegraph and go to the park. It's a mess. It looks terrible. It saddened me to see the people there.

"The problems of society are being visited on the university," he said. "Homelessness is a problem. But this is university land. Is it really appropriate to use it as a sanctuary for the homeless? The protesters are being selfish. Volleyball courts are a great idea. They preserve open space and are available to everyone."

Stew Albert

A writer for the Berkeley Barb, it was Albert who wrote the famous invitation to come build a park. Today, with a family and a business as a publisher and author in Portland, Ore., he admits that his revolutionary zeal has mellowed. But he has not changed his values.

"People's Park was a wonderful moment for me. Be park and working in the enjoying the park wa those great moments sometimes for inspirati

"The solution has bee all along. It's a wonder for a park. But it must b run, user-developed par by the city.

Phil Doran

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ful moment for me. Being in the park and working in the park and enjoying the park was one of those great moments I call on sometimes for inspiration.

"The solution has been so easy all along. It's a wonderful place for a park. But it must be a user-run, user-developed park, owned by the city.

Phil Doran

Now a Berkeley police captain, Doran saw People's Park in 1969 from the front lines — as a young officer facing a mob of angry demonstrators. The park battle, Doran believes, is just a blip on the horizon of history.

"You know why I feel that way? The media keep sending down these reporters, who are 24 or 25, and they don't have a clue about People's Park. They're really scrambling to understand why people feel the way they do about this insignificant parcel of land.

"That tells me the public memory of this place is disappearing faster than the 250 or so supporters out there would admit.

"They talk about the thirty-something crowd, where it's assumed everyone did marijuana in the past and everyone is liberal. Well, they never spoke for me. I'm no flag-waving, NRA right-winger. But there are lots of us who support what society stands for and are willing to put our lives on the line. We felt that way during People's Park in 1969 and we still do."

Yori Wada

Appointed to the UC Board of Regents in 1977, Wada was not on the board when the original park battles began. "But my son was at Berkeley and he took part in the demonstrations," he said, "and I think the issues then and now are the same. There are some people in Berkeley who do not want to see anything built there.

"I don't know where passion comes from. I know that various people want the park preserved as a memorial to free speech and the right to free assembly. It's been a real headache for the Berkeley campus and the regents."

During the '60s, Wada said his sympathies lay with the protesters and that he felt the university overreacted, but today UC is doing the right thing.

"I do wish the university had moved more slowly and informed the community more clearly about what they were doing and their timetable for development. But clearly, something has to be done to improve conditions at the park."

Konstantin Berlandt

Berlandt was a UC student and editor of The Daily Californian during the tumultuous '60s. For him, the initial battle over the park was part of a watershed period of personal and political growth.

What Berlandt remembers most about the first campaign to "save" People's Park was the sense of community he felt.

"In 1969, it seemed that everybody was involved. You said hello to everyone on the street; you could sleep on anyone's floor.

"When I look at the recent demonstrations and see several hundred people out there — instead of thousands — I see that these are different times," said Berlandt, who now works as a legal secretary in San Francisco. "People's Park was about the creation of that old community. It no longer exists."

Dan Siegel

On May 15, 1969, UC-Berkeley student body president Siegel spoke three words that changed his life forever: "Take the park . . . ." It was part of a longer sentence, but the cops pulled the plug on the sound system, Siegel recalls, and all that the people in Sproul Plaza heard was "take the park."

The crowd began strolling toward the park. A fire hydrant was opened. A rock was thrown. Police responded with tear gas and clubs and the battle was on.

Today, Siegel is general counsel for the Oakland Unified School District and he remembers the park with great pain.

"What the university has done is destroyed any trust that existed. The university has a proposal, volleyball courts, which are not inherently objectionable. But they try to impose them in an incredibly objectionable way, trying to jam them down people's throats by force.

"People are still fighting at the park for a variety of reasons. There's one group of people who just don't want any change. Another group (feels) that today there'll be volleyball courts, tomorrow married students' housing.

"The third group is the largest — and from the university's viewpoint the most dangerous. They are angry at the university for its arrogance and for wasting our taxpayer dollars."

By Matthew J. Lee/Oakland Tribune

By Tom Duncan/Oakland Tribune

his Coliseum parking lot.

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much at stake, both for Oak-
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health since the Warriors

e *WARRIORS, Page A-11*

A G E

nically?

John Curley, chief executive officer of Gannett Co. Inc., to work with the Tribune to save the paper.

At the same time, a group of community activists met to

tions. The supporters ranged

See TRIBUNE, Page A-11

Letters support Trib, D-6-7.

8 killed in truck collision

By Marina Gottschalk
Tribune staff writer

BRENTWOOD — Eight young East Contra Costa County residents, who apparently had been drinking, were killed early yesterday morning on a rural highway when their pickup collided with another small truck, the California Highway Patrol said.

All of the victims were between 15 and 21 years of age.

The bodies were lying in the roadway, on the dirt shoulder and in the front yard of an abandoned farm house, a CHP officer said.

"It was real bad. You start looking at kids that age and you

See CRASH, Page A-6

How a park turned into a battleground

By William Brand
and Carol Brydolf
Tribune staff writers

BERKELEY — Like a prehistoric insect caught in amber and preserved unchanged People's Park has endured — a scruffy anachronism from 1969.

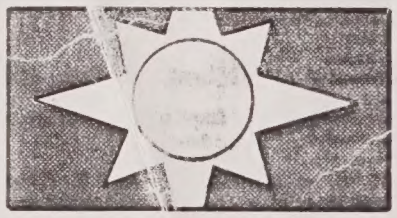
A wild coalition of street people, hippies, student activists and ordinary citizens seized 2.8 acres of vacant University of California land and built their park in the spring of 1969.

The university smashed the park a month later with bulldozers, muscle and the guns, clubs and teargas of 2,500 National Guardsmen and 750 cops. A riot erupted that left one man dead and more than 200 citizens and

See HOW, Back Page

INSIDE

ON BROADWAY
Tribune critic David Gere says run, don't walk to Jerome Robbins' 'Broadway' in S.F. . . . **Sunday Magazine**



SUNNY
Highs mid 60s to 70s on coast. 90s inland. **A-2**

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May 26, 1993

To Whom It May Concern:

Konstantin Berlandt was my secretary for approximately three of the past four years. He was at all times conscientious and capable and developed a well deserved reputation for his willingness to assist others with overload or emergency situations.

I can highly recommend him for a legal secretarial position.

If you desire further information from me, please feel free to contact me.

Very truly yours,

David Flaxman

DF:gmc

1015 Gayley Ave. #315
Los Angeles, CA 90024-3424
November 7, 1994

Konstantin Berlandt
775 Geary St. #606,
San Francisco 94109

Dear Konstantin:

Since we missed the last time I was up there, I have been thinking of you, but somehow when you sent your phone number, it didn't make it into the computer. Lo claims to have it written down somewhere, but it has been over a week now since you promised to phone me and share it, so I am writing directly--even though all I have by way of paper is this wretched gray stuph, which was never intended for correspondence. In fact, it's been so long since I've written, I'm not even sure this address is still good.

Anyway, I am fine. How are you?

Actually, things are well, and I've been thinking of a visit to SF before I go home at Christmas, but as time goes by, I don't seem to be making as much progress as I might. If I DO get to come up, I want to be sure I have your phone number. You can call at any time and leave a message on my machine 213-469-8796 or, better in some ways, you can use the enclosed stamped envelope, though I don't pick up my mail as often as I should. *sigh*

Don't think you need to find time to write a news bulletin or something--just slip in the phone number and suggest the best times to call (morning? late night?) and I'll do what I can to follow up, whether I have travel plans or not.

Seems like I got a note from you awhile back that suggested you had been in NYC, maybe during the games and parade. I was there also, and wish I had known you were in town then (if you were). I skipped the games, but did attend some of the parade, and overall, I had a wonderful time for reasons that mostly had nothing to do with the surrounding events of that week. Whenever you were there, I hope it was fun for you also.

Don't think my silence means you are not being thought about. You are indeed much in my thoughts and such prayers as I have.

Sincerely,

Tom Collins

or, of course, phone my machine
213-469-8796

The Syvenna Foundation has discontinued its writer in residency program as of June 1, 1994. Recipients for the remaining terms have already been selected.

Thank for for your interest in The Syvenna Foundation and the best of luck with your writing career.

The Syvenna Foundation - Rt. 1, Box 193 - Linden, Tx 75563

Before I left California in the Mustang, I borrowed my wife Anna's car to drive eight hundred miles around the Bay Area visiting friends and family in Monterey, Bolinas and Sonoma. I stayed four days at my father's house in Bolinas while he and his wife ~~Gloria~~ Oceana Wildcliff went up to Mendicino for an art fair and vacation. They make their living through selling the ir crafts ~~they make~~ and the poetry my father writes. (My mother, her husband and my younger brother Anthony split for Canada two years ago, leaving no forwarding address. My sister Nicola, 24, is in Nepal, studying Hinduism and Tibetan.) Several friends and I took care of my little sister Spring, who is five years old. We all went swimming in the nude, which has now become quite a relaxed sport on many northern California beaches ~~now~~. Before I left California two years ago I used to go often to San Gregoria Beach; it was then one of the only nude beaches and mostly gay. I had some wonderful times there, playing nude in the waves, having sex, even falling in love.

Once my friends and I went down there followed by a Rolling Stone photographer, back in 1969 when we thought we were destined for the cover of that magazine. I had left U.C. Berkeley a very celebrated person. As Editor of the Daily Californian I was celebrated most for the personal editorials I wrote that broke with all traditions of what is an editorial; I was celebrated for the 18 days Charlie Palmer, student body president at Berkeley, and I had fasted to protest, specifically, the Board of Regents' robbing Eldridge Cleaver's course of credit and, more generally, to protest the entire direction that this rip-off represented; and I was celebrated again for running my nude picture over a story about a nude encounter group I attended.

Here I was juxtaposing the rather asexual or sexually suppressed atmosphere of the night's naked encounter group with the eroticness of a reclining nude male to ask without words if the latter did not arouse people, or was the group atmosphere an honest one? After all, the whole purpose of the group's nakedness was for greater honesty and intimacy. But my purposes in running this picture were many: to mock roles and the traditional respectability of a student editor, to fulfill my fantasies, to freak people out or open things up (this was a little before John Lennon and the popularity of nude men in the Straight press), to bring homosexuality to light and air by inference. (I also wanted a chance to make it with the photographer.) But while I was editor of the Daily Cal I never made a totally out-of-the-closet statement: I am gay. In fact, my last written editorial was a poem to a new boyfriend, but I changed the sex of the pronouns and ran a woman's picture above the poem in order to protect the validity of my radical views that I thought could be swept away if people thought I was nothing but a queer.

After a year of picketing, marching, meetings, parties, consciousness raising, convention disruptions and workshops, organizing, guerrilla theatre and coming out in print in underground papers all over America I finally came back to the Daily Cal with a series of articles I wanted to run on the Sports Page together with pictures of nude faggots at the football hike, beautiful swimmers captioned as universal erotic beauty, etc. This series was, of course, stopped with a very sexist printed remark after the first column: a poetic allegory declaring the University's Harmon Men's Gymnasium a free zone for gay people and consensual sexuality, now as free and open and natural there as it would be if two natural men met in the forest. My politics--my activities and my beliefs--have changed a great deal since any of the writings mentioned here or included

with my application, so please do not judge my application on the basis of some of the naive notions expressed above. The first year of Gay Liberation was a time of great experimentation in every way, and we had not begun to sort out what was wrong as well as what was right with being gay. In other words, aspiring to orgies on football fields or promoting a beautiful white male body as a universal erotic phantasy and more than the already so promoted white female body of certain dimensions and proportions is not necessarily a valid way to achieve liberation. As we have seen over the last two years and will take up momentarily, the mass media and the capitalist structure from which it springs are now piecing together some of these mistakes to create a NEW FAGGOT, NEW DYKE stereotype who will be tractable, exploitable and acceptable in bourgeois society.

The reason this Rolling Stone photographer was following my friends and me around San Gregorio Beach and other places was that Rolling Stone Editor and founder Jann Wenner wanted illustrations for the 6000 word autobiographical article about my coming out and into the Gay Liberation movement he had assigned me to write. We had met at Berkeley when we were both on the Daily Cal. He had run three of my Daily Californian editorials in the March '69 centerfold of the American Revolution 1969 supplement to the magazine ("I wish I could run more," he told me. A copy of this centerfold is enclosed) and told me to please tell him if I came up with any story ideas within the world of hip culture. In September I had presented him with a rock 'n' roll musical of 50's and 60's rock lyrics pieced together in a three-act play: act one was the hero-everyperson becoming brave enough to dance with another person of the same sex to whom she/he was attracted, rising above the pain and

fear of "Secret Love," Doris Day's mid-fifties hit to the hour's number one song, "Sugar, Sugar" by the Archies for the climactic first dance at the end of the scene. Act two was the ecstasy and initial liberation of sex/love, instrumented by James Brown's screaming at the point of orgasm, "Wow, wow, wow! I Got You," and Jackie Wilson singing "Your love lifts me higher, Higher and Higher." The final act opened with the hero-innocent stepping back into the closet through gay bars and double life, "Meeting in Smoky Places" by the Corsairs, "Tears on My Pillow" by Lil Anthony, until finally he/she breaks free and into the open, "It's been a long, long time comin' but I know a change is gonna come," Sam Cooke with a refrain from Doris Day, "Now I shout it from the highest hill, even told the golden daffodil, at last my heart's an open door and my secret love's no secret anymore," joy from the Ronettes, "Baby I Love You," the play concluding with a final summary from Dusty Springfield,

> "The Look of Love is in your eyes, the look that time can't disguise.... Let this be just the start of so many nights like this: I can hardly wait to hold you, feel my arms around you; how long I have waited, waited just to love you now that I have found you, don't ever go, don't ever go, don't ever go, I love you so."

This play as a tape from the thousands of 45 records I used to have I took to the National Student Association (NSA) convention in El Paso, Texas in August 1969 where I was the one and only representative of the newly emerging Gay Liberation movement. I was shunned by many people, even some of my friends, and the gay student body officers who approached me did so in the halls when no one was looking. Some of the people I spoke with then have come out since; I have mettwo of them again, now involved in Gay Liberation. The tape I played at a mixed media gay

happening I organized at the end of the convention, but I could get no one at the convention to mime the action of the play.

I suggested the play to Rolling Stone because I wanted to convey part of the experience I had when I first walked into a gay bar--that was to listen to the juke box from a gay context when all my life I had always assumed songs were meant Straight. It was an entirely new world in sudden explosion and revelation of a whole lifetime to retrace, enjoy and understand.

The editors of Rolling Stone rejected the play, unable or not wanting to comprehend what I wanted to convey and insisting that the lyrics had been written Straight, the magazine's managing editor --who was later to write a straight-man-visits-a-gay-bar article for San Francisco Magazine similar to the recent New York Magazine rendition, a straight-hip man goes to the Continental Baths--wrote me, "....and even if they were [written in a gay context], so what? Rolling Stone is no more interested in homosexuality as such than we are in sports cars or new techniques to extend middle age."

Suggesting that the medium of song lyrics without music might be at fault, I wrote Jann,"There are many ways to say the same thing," and I included a copy of my widely published coverage of the El Paso N.S.A. convention. This article had been the first Gay Liberation article in many of the underground papers across the country that rose substantially above rhetoric--often simply mouthed from other movements like Gay Is Good, derived from Black Is Beautiful--to very clear and personal experiences of oppression and in an area related to national student politics, which made things all the hotter.

It was also the first time I came out in print as a homosexual. The Berkeley Tribe also ran with the article a picture a friend took of Swifty, another beautiful boy I loved, and me kissing in Strawberry Canyon. The picture, too, has been reprinted hundreds of times in articles, calendars and booklets because of the love and naturalness that breathes within the picture. But (my, how times have changed!) the editors of the West's most radical paper of the day, The Tribe, were afraid of possible legal and reader repercussions from running the picture of two men kissing.

Jann liked the NSA article and he made the 6000 word assignment due in three weeks. He had visions, I believe, of exploitation, like the big boost in circulation Rolling Stone experienced after their cover on "The Groupies." And I should admit that I was enamoured if not also afraid of becoming a Rolling Stone cover Superstar, naked in a foldout--my wildest dreams but on the back of a mass movement. For my own peace of mind, I am mostly glad the article never came out through Rolling Stone. Wenner, looking at the article from the traditional (sensationalist?) journalist-as-exploiter/point of view rather than journalist-as-a-mover-of-history, postponed the cover story six months after he felt scooped by Esquire ("The New Homosexual," Dec. 1969). "We've got to let interest in homosexuality build up again," Jann told me. Over a ten-month period he assigned me rewrite after rewrite, often totally reversing the instructions of the previous months. For example, "Make it more personal, it's too political," he told me in November '69; "Make it more political; it's too personal," May '70. Finally, the article was already twice the length the magazine was willing to print, but Jann was assigning a host of new additions and a massive tone change. Jann, quoting one of his

editors, said the article "advocated homosexuality; this should not be Rolling Stone's position." He added that the article "recruited for homosexuality," a very straight way of looking at self-discovery. In other words, they were saying, turn it into what a straight man would write about homosexuality--make it objective, i.e., from a straight male point of view; make it, in other words, queer not gay.

For several months I had no longer been meeting with Jann as a lonely writer, endless victim to an editor's whims, but with a group of friends as a political caucus of Gay people presenting demands. When we heard these new requirements we refused to do another rewrite.

There is no question in my mind that the article I wrote would never have been published by Rolling Stone. It was published a month later on the cover of Friends Magazine in London; it was run by the Liberation News Service as a three-part series in honor of the first annual celebration of Christopher Street Liberation Day; published in part in the Daily Cal and many other student and underground newspapers; published from an earlier draft in Out of the Closets, Voices of Gay Liberation, edited by Carla Jay and Allen Young, Douglas Press, New York, February 1973; and quoted in Dennis Altman's book Homosexuality and Liberation, Avon, January 1973.

One thing I would like to investigate, perhaps as an aspect of a master's thesis, would be why this article was and probably remains unpublishable in the Straight press--though I would not recommend its publication now, as I've said about my other earlier articles--while other images of homosexuality are now becoming profuse.

I think we are watching something unique in the history of the media--partially experienced by the Women's Movement over the last year and the hip and black power movements of the recent past and future--how the media, working hand in hand, consciously or unconsciously, with the government and vested interests sets out to characterize and destroy the essence of every liberation movement and maybe the soul of peoplekind, even in the media's day to day process. I believe we have the opportunity to investigate the very nature of modern mass media in America as it is exposed with utter clarity through the build up of Homosexuality-media style, so fine a topic for study because, unlike black people and women, homosexuals have hardly been mentioned, only in whispers and inferences, so every mention is noteworthy. We can use the media's treatment of earlier movements, noting similarities and what to look for, watch out for. Not every mention is bad either, but these details I leave for further study.

I am a good person to do this study because I am interested and I am familiar with the media with more history than I have time to tell you now, and I am also familiar with our lives to correlate changes in our lifestyles with our images in the media, and I am familiar with the stages of the movement the media refused or feared to cover.

Why now do they become so bold? And now is the time to look at this, before it's all over at the bloody hands of thousands of well-meaning journalists who were only doing their journalistic duties in the best way they knew how, like the innocent American GI's who slaughtered the Vietnamese without knowing why. Reporters, do they know what they are doing?

I would like to interview editors, program directors and news reporters to correlate their conscious or spoken intentions and methods of approach--what actually went on and what is going on--to their perhaps underlying feelings and the results. In this I feel the faculty at Columbia could be a great help with their own information, feelings and contacts.

I would also research the way in which the people play the media game, characterizing themselves as objects digestable by the media. And I know this from personal experience too, much more than I have said here.

Rolling Stone's rejection of the article I wrote and Gary Alinder edited inspired us to pool our resources, rent a large house and form a loose collective of people who would back up a new gay liberation newspaper. Two things formed: Gay House, where I lived from May or June of 1970 to February 1971 with never, never a dull moment, and Gay Sunshine, whose first issue we brought out in September 1970. The paper is still being published monthly. In fact, it's almost become another institution--again underscoring so many people's recent awareness: that today's revolutionary is often tomorrow's revisionist impediment.

I had done writing, editing, story assignments, photography and layout on the Daily Cal over the years from September 1963 to January 1969 with only the barest minimum of attention given to classes in order to stay in school until I graduated from the Daily Cal. I also worked a year during this time as a stringer for Time Inc., and before that I had been a stringer on the campus for the San Francisco Chronicle and the San Francisco Examiner, and a correspondent for the Collegiate Press Service as well as serving on the National Executive Board of the United

States Student Press Association a year. Now I was back to doing all the things I had done on the Daily Cal plus typesetting on an IBM Justowriter and distributing papers by truck to various towns and shops or by foot, hawking them on street corners or in gay bars.

When the management of the White Horse, then Berkeley's only gay bar, tried to beat me up for selling Gay Sunshines in their establishment, Gay Liberation Berkeley threw up a picket line of fifty people in front of the bar, opened up an alternative meeting place for drinking and dancing across the street and effectively emptied the bar on the usually very crowded Friday and Saturday nights, until the bar owners agreed to some of our demands. In retrospect, though our continued picket line would have dwindled in numbers and the issues might have become confused, support split, I believe it was unfortunate that we didn't stick to more demands, because today, with only some of the most revisionist demands met, the bar still has the same atmosphere it did then, and what gay liberation held out and demanded but compromised--partially in fear of closing the bar permanently and losing the only meeting place in the area for many of the bar's customers--was a change in lifestyle that could not be spelled out, an entirely different and new way of relating. Much has been temporarily co-opted: one more round of deadend civil rights and the image of tolerance while all the while freedom does not exist nor is the quality of life actually improved.

At the end of November 1970 Gary and I and five other people drove a drive-away car from California to Washington D.C., leaving the layout and final production of the paper to people who thus far had been only assistants. Because Gary and I with the skills we had learned in professional and semi-professional journalism were initially more adept at many of the paper's functions, and because, also we unofficially

held status as founders, organizers, the main energy and occasionally even the financial sponsors of the paper, we had dominated production thus far. When we arrived at the Revolutionary Peoples Constitutional Convention (RPCC), a friend who flew out to D.C. brought copies of the new issue of Gay Sunshine. After that I participated in Gay Sunshine only as a writer and typesetter.

A great change came over my life during that four-day weekend of R.P.C.C. and this was only the first thing. I met hundreds of other people involved in Gay Liberation everywhere in the country, especially the big cities, and together we did not always relate as idealistic sisters and brothers. The Boston group went home Saturday morning, two days early, because they couldn't stand what they called butch domination by New York heavies, who insisted the people in the Midwest should follow the priorities developed in New York; they did not like the regionalism that caused fighting between New York and Los Angeles; they were freaked out by what they saw as sexism and attempted rapes from the hosting Washington group after the lights were out the night before. I was rather speechless the whole weekend, ~~being rather small out of my pond.~~

At 1 o'clock Saturday night (Sunday a.m.) four of our brothers came back from a bar called the Zephyr saying they had been refused service for being gay. Forty of us piled into two trucks and went down to the bar to demand service. This turned into the first barroom brawl of my life, I was slammed into a table, beer glasses were thrown, I struggled to pull my friend Tom out into the street when it looked like we were the last ones left in the bar full of football types, and Tom was still throwing punches. One truckload of us got away. The other was arrested by the police, and though six months later the "D.C. 12"

won the case--we had been the ones attacked first, after all--they had to stay in Washington until their trial was over, though they came from many parts of the country.

I mention these three things because the first eliminated my responsibility to Gay Sunshine; the second made me question who I was, what I was doing back in California and why was I so overwhelmed out here in the East; and the third made me realize the arbitrariness or chance nature of my return to California.

I decided to go to New York for a few days, but I stayed a month and still didn't want to leave, because in the truck of 22 faggots to New York City a man named David put his arms around me, and when I put my head and beard on his shoulder and next to his cheek I felt calm, at home and at rest for the first time in what seemed like years.

When I did go out to California it was to conclude my affairs and set up a home for me and David. But extradition from my financial and familial entanglements with other people in Gay House was slow and painful. We were evicted February 1 by police and landlady escort because she wanted more rent and less freaks, though when we had asked her for a rent-decrease so we could better fight facism in the United States, or so we characterized ourselves, we thought she would be sympathetic because she had told us her father, a Spanish newspaper editor, had been assasinated by Franco for supporting the miners in the North against him. David came out to live with me and six other crazies from Gay House in an apartment much too small for eight people. The final stage of my splitting from the Gay House collective included one case of vandalism where at least half of my 2000 45 records were broken.

But I left California at the end of April with one bag of clothing anyway. I had shaved off my beard and wore a short-hair wig, but it still took me three months to find a job in New York City. When I did it was as a secretary/switchboard operator for the Trane Company, a commercial air conditioning company. I worked there six months before David and I went to Europe and Israel, and we worked a total of three months on two kibbutzim. I wanted to travel, to get away from my old identities in California and out of America for awhile, to think about what's been happening and what I'm doing,before I get involved in a career and/or an organized political movement or even just living with other people besides David. I found during a month on Corfu that Greece's natural environment is yet the unspoiled paradise that is the natural earth, like a "Rocky Mountain High." But as a Gay person in this part of the 20th century I cannot live a fulfilling life in the country, nor can I live a natural life in the city.

"Lost-in-Space Queens" is what David, Gary and I were called in those last days before we left California. In the last two years I have floated through low tension jobs, acting lessons and traveling. I want to float no longer. But before returning to journalism in whatever capacity I wish to improve my skills, especially my speed and my ability to cut and edit and organize my own copy, and to renew the skills that I have used recently only in frequent letters, occasional diary entries and some working on a book taken from love letters I wrote from Europe in '66.

I am applying to Columbia Graduate School of Journalism because 1) I thought I would enjoy the reflection, clarification and organization of my life that turning out this application would involve, and 2)

since I have sketched out a possible master's thesis herein I feel it may become the most important work I will do in my life. It is something I have thought about a long time, but it was always so grand a subject to be tackled and written up. The time at Columbia might give me the resources and the discipline to do it right.

I want to go to Columbia to do research on how the media operates, to discover its potential, and to improve my skills to develop its potential to better present a vision of the world that will open people up, lighten their hearts, raise their spirits, free their souls. Columbia will also give me a broadening experience that I need and get now mostly at my own selection of books, places and people. My favorite book of all time is the Lord of the Rings Trilogy, the three volumes which I have just completed, tears pouring down my face as I read the last chapter. Other books I have found both broadening and entertaining during the last year include Johnathon Livingston Seagull, Fat City, A Meeting by the River by Christopher Isherwood, Don't Fall Off the Mountain by Shirley MacLaine, Goodness Had Nothing to Do with It by Mae West, Oliver Twist by Charles Dickens, The Castle by Kafka, Israel Without Zionism, Nine Short Stories by J.D. Salinger, Soledad Brother by George Jackson, Female Eunuch by Germaine Greer. I would like to do a work at Columbia as overwhelming as Female Eunuch.

About my academic record, I never flunked a class but I took a few incompletes which are probably F's on my transcript since I never looked back to make them up or finish the last few units for my B.A. If you deem it essential for my acceptance to Columbia I will return to Berkeley and make up the remaining credits before September to start at Columbia this year, but I would rather not return to Berkeley ever to live. I have already lived there 15 years of my life. But do give me this option--if this is a stipulation for entering this fall I will fulfill it. In

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March 6, 1946 - December 27, 1994

Berkeley-schooled journalist and liberationist
of the Gay Left whose flawed genius heard the innermost
cries of the heart, transcribing them into the unclichéed
eloquence of truth. A privileged collaborator, schooled
earlier and southward 'cross the Bay before immigrating
into this magical city of your birth and death,
pays tribute with the conviction that your messages
of freedom, flowering from the '60's into the '80's,
will resonate long after the doggerel
of your detractors has been forgotten.
Your vision shall prevail, Konnie. Shalom.

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